Sold

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11236074.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Basic Instinct (Movies), James Bond (Craig Movies), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Le Chiffre/Adam Towers
Characters:	Le Chiffre, Adam Towers
Additional Tags:	Charity Auctions, charity slave auction, getting your money's worth!, Light Dom/sub, Light Bondage, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Power Play, Power Bottom, Blood licking, Gift Giving, First Dates, possibly inappropriate workplace relationships!, Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 36 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Collections:	#JustFuckMeUp2
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-18 Words: 3,552 Chapters: 1/1

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Maybe Adam bids on the unpopular Le Chiffre in the charity auction out of pity? He's not sure. What he is sure of is that their instant attraction and complementary force of wills is going to make for an interesting evening.

sold copy

It was getting a little embarrassing. The guy wasn't unattractive, but his scarred face wore a scowl that would put anyone off. The once raucous room was becoming increasingly silent by the minute and only the lecherous widow at the front had bid on the poor man.

Poor!?

Yeah right. All the assholes up for auction were the executives. It had even been fun watching his boss be sold to Margaret from accounting. But this guy? Adam was pretty sure he was the CFO, usually based in the Reading office, which would account for why he had never seen him in person before. He was bound to be loaded, and as much of an asshole as the rest of the execs. From the scar over his eye and all black attire, Adam was certain he was the guy known around the water cooler as *Le Chiffre*.

Le Chiffre - Jean Duran - probably made more money just walking through the office door than Adam made in a year.

"Any advance on £100." Even Dave from Marketing who had taken the mantle as auctioneer for the evening, looked embarrassed by the minimum pledge.

"£100… and a fiver." Adam found himself calling, only half joking to see it Mrs Froude would up her bid. And the other half… He wasn't sure.

There was laughter in the crowd and the steely gaze shot to him and froze him to the spot.

At least that seemed to start the bidding up and by the time Adam tuned back in, eyes still locked on his, he heard Dave call. "Ok, all done at £250?"

"£300!" Adam called and then winced. He had no idea if he even had that much in the bank. Maybe they could take a cheque and hope it didn't bounce. Le Chiffre's lips tweaked into the slightest smile. At the bid or his wince? He wasn't sure. Why the hell did he even just do that? He looked at Mrs Froude and waited for a moment, Dave did the same but she was completely still - no bid.

Fuck!

"Sold!" Dave brought down the hammer before the crowd grew restless again. Le Chiffre walked off the stage so haughtily you'd think he'd sold for a million. And then the head of marketing was brought on to raucous applause and many jokes from Dave at his boss's expense before he started the bidding over again.

Adam could see Angela waving him over by the side of the makeshift stage they had set up in the boardroom for this. Damn. He had to go and pay.

"Quite a bargain." Angela tried unsuccessfully to hide her grin and Adam managed to keep another wince on the inside this time. Le Chiffre had been the cheapest of the night by several hundred - thanks to some of the money bag execs bidding and the groups of PAs that

clubbed together and pooled funds for a laugh. With only a couple more *lots* to go it seemed like Le Chiffre was going to set an all time record for the lowest bid at the annual charity auction.

Adam wasn't sure if he should feel proud about that or not. His bank balance argued likely not. He wrote out a cheque and handed it over with a feeling of dread. This was such a bad idea. He had no idea what had even possessed him.

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Adam hadn't exactly imagined that a deceptively short time later he would find himself in the swanky hotel suite the company had booked for Le Chiffre to save him the late night trip back out of central London. At least it also saved Adam the cost of the tube journey - he'd need to start penny pinching now after all.

He looked at himself in the bathroom mirror and wondered if he was going to really do this.

When Le Chiffre had come over to the table as he'd handed over his cheque, there had been an instant and undeniable spark. He had thought the man wasn't half bad when he saw him at a distance, but up close? Holy hell he was hot. Adam had been instantly fantasising about running his tongue over the man's scar. He thought he'd been imagining the mutual attraction at first, Le Chiffre lingering a little too close to him as he waited for Angela to give him the meal vouchers that came with every lot. But… that turned out not to be the case. The restaurant everyone would get dinner at was supposed to be nice. But they never made it… they got out to the front of the building when Le Chiffre crowded in behind him, pressing against Adam's back as he hailed a taxi.

Adam had protested - the restaurant was just around the corner they could walk it. But then Le Chiffre had leaned in and whispered next to his ear - "My hotel is not. Don't you want to get what you paid for?"

And damn if Adam suddenly didn't want anything else.

As he stood looking at his reflection, pulling off his green scarf and shaking out his messy hair, he wasn't sure this was really a clever idea. Sure, they didn't work together, weren't even based in the same office, and hell it wasn't like he hadn't fucked a colleague or two before… but this seemed… Unsettling? He wasn't sure. Maybe it was seeing that flickering heat of lust behind the man's cool gaze - it was intimidating.

Adam was struck by a realisation. Something he had never encountered before in all his years of prowling bars and clubs - he suddenly felt like he had met his match. He was both thrilled and terrified.

He took a breath and left the bathroom.

The suite lights had been dimmed, there were whiskey sodas poured out on a side table next to a bottle of lube and packet of condoms that left the evening in no doubt. Le Chiffre stood looking out the window, down to his trousers and shirt. As he undid his cufflinks he turned to look at Adam, just a hint of a smile.

“Is there a problem?” The tone gave it away as a dare and if anything it stiffened Adam’s resolve. He was not going to be intimidated by this man, in the office, the bedroom or anywhere else.

“That depends.” He crooned, finding his voice as he stepped across the room and picked up his drink. He was going to treat this as any other pick up, and that was never a problem for him. Le Chiffre cocked a quizzical brow so Adam elaborated - “as you said, I paid for you. So I hope you won’t be giving me any trouble.”

That seemed to hit the mark - pulling a grin from Le Chiffre. Their clear and natural chemistry fizzed between them. Yes, this is what they were both looking for. An equal on every level - so obvious to them both in the finding.

“I make a living being commanding, have you paid for my submission?” The question was softly asked.

Adam moved next to the window, just along from Le Chiffre, fingering the thin decorative rope that held back the sumptuous curtains.

“I do believe it was a slave auction, where I purchased you.”

“For a good price.” Le Chiffre placed his cufflinks on the side table and began to unbutton his shirt. “Too cheap by far.”

Adam chuckled. “So are we pricing things up? How much is £300 worth? A blow job? Some rimming. Tell me? Considering I rescued you from the clutches of widow Froude, what are you willing to do now that you have me here in your room?”

The tone was suggestive rather than truly questioning and Le Chiffre looked at him intently - his scarred eye slightly lidded - as he removed his shirt and threw it onto the back of a chair.

“How about you decide, and I’ll tell you when to stop.” Le Chiffre turned away from him then, walking to the bed whilst he undid his trousers. As Adam heard the fly zipper slowly pulling down, his fingers worked at the rope. He bit his lower lip as an image jumped into his head.

*

It had been a simple thing, to unhook the rope from the curtain and tie Le Chiffre’s wrists. He hadn’t protested. He hadn’t said anything. The only thing that betrayed any sort of reaction was a twitch of his lips.

Once Le Chiffre was bound, Adam got to his knees and worked the man’s trousers down. Nuzzling the half-hard outline of the Le Chiffre’s cock through his underwear, until he was completely rigid and the cloth was darkened with damp patches. Only then did Adam pull both trousers and underwear down until Le Chiffre was able to step out of them. He stood completely naked as Adam appraised the sight. And Adam really hadn’t been sure what his pleasure would be until he saw the man’s gorgeous uncut cock. He had never wanted to be fucked so hard by someone in his life.

He pushed Le Chiffre down onto the bed, the man's abs flexing as he fell without the use of his hands to brace himself.

"I think you'll enjoy what I plan to take from you. And I'm certain it will be more than my money's worth." Adam grinned.

He grabbed the lube and condoms and threw them onto the bed before he undressed himself. Slowly. Only letting his gaze wander from Le Chiffre's in order to watch the man's cock twitch with anticipation - his own responding in kind.

Finally, a reaction. Surprise lit Le Chiffre's face as Adam moved naked onto the bed and poured lube on his fingers only to turn them on himself. He bit his lower lip as he worked himself open with practiced fingers. Le Chiffre's pupil's were completely blown as he watched Adam ride his own fingers. Each little grunt or huff from Adam made Le Chiffre's cock jump and leak.

Adam's jaw was slack and he was panting by the time he removed his fingers. He gave his cock one long strong, twisting his hand over the head before crawling next to Le Chiffre. It was with quick, and again, practiced skill that Adam rolled a condom onto Le Chiffre and began to lube him up with slow strokes. He savoured the throbbing heat of the man in his hand and knew he was going to dream about this cock well after this encounter.

Adam grinned through his dopey, half euphoric expression. "Definitely going to get my money's worth." He practically purred as Le Chiffre's breath stuttered under his ministrations. Le Chiffre's hands, still tied, were clasped in front of him as his abdomen tensed at the motions. If they had been free perhaps they would have bunched the bed covers, or reached for Adam. But this was utterly delicious to watch.

"We're all equals when we're naked, don't you think?" Adam grinned and Le Chiffre drew in a sharp breath as Adam released his cock. It only took a moment for him to swing a leg over and straddle the man before lubing his fingers once more. Adam leaned forward so that they were almost chest to chest - squashing Le Chiffre's hands between them as he pushed more lube inside himself. "Though, maybe I'm wrong… you seem a little more equal than some of the guys I've been with."

A huff seemed to escape Le Chiffre quite against his will, and Adam was unsure if whether it was annoyance, impatience or arousal. He didn't wait to query it, but instead took hold of Le Chiffre's cock and pushed it to his entrance. He sank down slowly at first, sitting back upright as he did - watching the man's face as his jaw clenched and eyes focused on only Adam. When he was almost upright Adam sank down the rest of the way, groaning as he impaled himself and was stretched tighter than he had been in a very long while.

"I'm going to fuck you until we both have nothing left." Adam muttered, his hands clawing over Le Chiffre's chest hair before taking hold of the bound wrists and moving them. He leaned forward once more as he stretched Le Chiffre's arms out above his head, leaving the man prone as he sat back again.

And then he started to move. Finding a sweet rhythm that just grazed his prostate. He leaned back, hands on Le Chiffre's thighs to stop him trying to set his own pace as Adam began to

slowly fuck himself.

“You’re so composed Mr Bigshot.” Adam panted between every other word and let his head drop back and enjoy the seat he had chosen. “Are you just upset that you weren’t popular at the auction? Or are you always this stoic whilst fucking? Is it because of the eye do you think?” Adam muttered as he ground himself down on the dick. He felt thigh muscles tense under his hands and sat forward a little again, his eyes meeting Le Chiffre’s as he pulled his hands forward and started to stroke himself in time with shallow bounces. “If that is the case… then they are fucking idiots.” Adam’s words trailed off into a groan and he started to quicken his pace on both his own cock and Le Chiffre’s.

They were both panting and sweating and the room stank of sex and lube as Adam fucked himself hard and fast on Le Chiffre’s cock. The man’s composure was starting to slip, his hair loosening under the sweat and effort. His tempting lips curving into a wince that could have indicated pleasure or pain.

“Oh fuck… I’m gonna…” Adam’s orgasm crested suddenly. As he pulled on his cock he shot thick ropes of cum up Le Chiffre’s torso, the scent of it mixing in the already pungent air. A long moan escaped from deep within his chest and he slumped forward, forehead resting for a few long moments on Le Chiffre’s chest before he looked back up again.

Le Chiffre’s eyes spoke of pleasure and need, not even marred by the slight trickle of blood that welled and ran from his scarred eye. Le Chiffre shifted ever so slightly, beginning to pull his arms down as he could clearly feel the moisture running down onto his cheek. Before Le Chiffre could make a further move, Adam pushed himself up and licked the blood - pointed tongue trailing up to Le Chiffre’s scar before he pulled back enough to look the man in the eyes once more.

This time more than a reaction, a dark expression that Adam couldn’t read. It was almost terrifying.

“Was that a little too kinky?” He joked, trying to make light.

The reply was almost a growl, as Le Chiffre’s arms swung over Adam, capturing him within the bound confines. Le Chiffre rolled them then so that Adam ended flat on his back, legs spread wide, Le Chiffre between them, held up on his elbows with hands fisted behind Adam’s head.

The move made Adam cry out for the shock of it, but also the oversensitivity of his now crushed cock, and the rough pull at where they still joined. He only had a moment to register the new position when Le Chiffre started to fuck into him. Hard and rough but not sloppy or lacking in skill. Despite his previous orgasm Adam renewed his moans, the sensation of Le Chiffre’s cock hammering into him, grazing his prostate as his legs wrapped tight around the man’s waist, felt amazing.

On impulse Adam snaked his arms up around the back of Le Chiffre’s neck and brought the man down to him. Lips meeting for the first time in a clash of tongues and teeth. The kissing matching the fucking - frenetic and full of need and desire. More than just lust, more than just a mutual attraction. Or so it felt to Adam as their tongues seemed to slide together perfectly.

When Le Chiffre finally released inside him to a tirade of foreign words that the passion behind gave away as profanities, Adam shuddered. His cock twitched slightly and he wondered if he might get hard again faster than he had ever imagined he could.

He was clinging to Le Chiffre, he realised. But when he tried to pull back, as well he could laying flat on the bed, Le Chiffre went with him. And then hands were playing in his hair. The moment felt tender.

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Adam woke as light streamed onto the bed and into his eyes from the one curtain still held back with a decorative rope tie. He stirred by increments, feeling a pleasing ache in various and delightful parts of his body, until he finally realised where he was. His eyes shot open and he sat. He took in the large bed, occupied only by himself and a tangle of once tidy sheets.

The room was devoid of life - no bags or any lingering sign of another person other than the mess of the bed and the liquor glasses and bottles on the side. He couldn't see the wastebin from where he sat, but knew that would carry three used condoms, an empty bottle of lube, and several wads of tissues. Cum sticky towels were put back in the bathroom.

Every little bit of sex had been amazing, and Adam was sure Le Chiffre could win prizes for his rimming. In the middle of the night they'd showered together in the huge marble expanse that could have easily held four people comfortably. They'd ordered room service and talked. Le Chiffre about his home in Albania, Adam about his aspirations to make it to reporter. At least at the minute he was content covering the fashion column and getting to go to runway shows and sneak peaks at next season's collections. Le Chiffre had chuckled and called him vacuous, Adam had shrugged and nodded and replied he would be too if he'd seen the new armani collection.

Slow, comfortable, intimate sex had proceeded from there until they were both so completely fucked and exhausted that they fell asleep against each other. Adam could still feel the warm rug of fur where his head had rested on Le Chiffre's chest as they had drifted off.

Well, that was that. And probably for the best. It had been a great night. Easily the best lay of his life, but also... a connection. Someone who he could match wills with in and out of the bedroom. But he shrugged it off. He wasn't exactly the settling kind so it didn't much matter, even if a slight tug in his chest tried to inform him differently.

He took the opportunity to have one final use of the opulent shower, before dressing and leaving.

Adam would like to say that the night with Le Chiffre didn't occupy his thoughts more than it should, but he couldn't. It was pretty much there every time he closed his eyes the entire weekend. On his way into work on the Monday morning he developed a mantra and repeated it ad nauseam - *You will not look up his contact details, you will not email him.*

By mid morning he was starting to wonder if his resolve would last the whole day, when a package was dropped at his desk from internal mail.

“Just sorted from the Reading office.” Steve told him and Adam nodded, trying not to give away the fact that his heart was in his mouth. Steve walked away and Adam glanced around furtively, but no one was paying him attention.

He opened the package carefully, trying to remain casual, but his mind was racing ahead. If he was getting fired for some sort of indiscretion there could be paperwork, but that would surely not need a box as big as this? In fact they would probably escort him out and deal with paperwork later not send it in a wrapped box.

The paper fell away and revealed the box itself and Adam’s heart thud hard once and then began to race, until he felt his whole body heat from the blood being pumped around it at speed. He reached out and let his fingers trail over the embossed Armani logo before gently easing the lid off.

“Holy fuck.” his hands were sweating so much that Adam couldn't bring himself to touch the exquisite leather bomber jacket from the new collection. He did however remove the business card that lay on top. Le Chiffre’s contact details. He flipped it over and read the handwritten note -

~Adam, thank you for rescuing me from the merry widow. I hope this makes us even, but I am at your disposal if you still believe you have not received your money’s worth. JD~

Adam turned the card back over and turned back to his computer. He tapped in the email address without hesitation.

~Thank you for the jacket. Your debt is most definitely repaid. However, I believe I owe you some change. Adam.~

Less than a minute later, as Adam was admiring the jacket, an email reply flashed up and he immediately clicked on it.

~In that case perhaps we have further calculations to make. What are you doing Friday?~

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